7/10/75

Mr. Barney Rosset
Grove Press
53 E. 11 St
New York, N.Y. 10003

Dear Barney,

Not having heard from you and on the chance you may find it interesting a little more on McDonald. And your very good hunch about him and money. My source must be kept confidential. (In what follows I have more than one).

Last night my wife and I were the dinner guests of the man who is the one person identified by his correct name in McDonald's book. That maybe is the wildest part because it libels by accusing him of a crime that would be utterly ruinous to him not. It probably would have at any time because he ran one of Washington's better seduzity services.

During dinner once we had established a friendly relationship (that I expect to continue) there were such stories about McDonald and "Sherman!" This man, his wife and "Sherman's" lady friend were genuinely and warmly attached to Sherman. So were the daughters of the couple.

Because of this man's function he was unwilling to tape anything and of course I therefore didn't. Too bad because there were magnificent annecdotes about Sherman and McDonald that would be fine for a novel. I'll remember enough. And maybe on their next visit it will be different if I restrict it to Sherman's strange life.

I don't know that there could be a novel in Sherman but perhaps there could be. There could be an attractive long chapter on Sherman the real.

McDonald is a lifelong con artist. He knew Sherman from their days in Military Intelligence together at F. Holabird not from CIA (This man was never CIA). The only way McDonald ever got into the CIA was when Sherman flagged him in on visits.

McDonald stole the Identikit and perhaps another invention dealing with secret fingerprinting without ink from Sherman, to whom they did not belong because he developed them when he was on the federal payroll. McDonald didn't even hang onto them, I suppose because periodically he ran out of money. The present owner is a subsidiary of Smith & Wesson.

McDonald's specialty is not young women. It is old women with money. He milked them. One, Virginia, paid for all the European travel for which the receipts were offered as proof that McDonald had really been on Saul's trail. It had nothing to do with anything like Saul and the dates coincide. He married Virginia.

One way McDonald was always throwing money away is on wild goose chases in the quest of fantasies like this one. Always unsuccessful projects or derring do.

He is a liar and a braggart. As late as yesterday he told his friend, with whom he is in regular touch always asking for favors of one kind or another in Washington, that to date only one man has read this book, Fensterwald.

Yesterday the National Enquirer flew a man out to California to close a deal with McDonald. It is not clear that it is on this book. There are other fictions called non-fiction. In one McDonald is "The Blue Fox."They also checked out only McDonald's past. Maybe the fiction about which they laugh, that Russian island. There seems to be another McDonald con job on that.

Best,

Harold Weisberg